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## Klondike Pictures.

By EUSTACE MACDONALD.

A very remarkable set of photographs, taken by La Roche, Seattle, Washington, illustrating the rush to the Klondike regions, and showing the hardships and difficulties of getting there. Other photographs showing the daily life in Dawson City, which is the centre or metropolis of the new Eldorado.



From a] INDIAN TRADERS AT SITKA HIDING THEIR FACES FOR FEAR OF THE CAMERA.

[Photo.



HE object of this article is not to enter into a long disquisition on the much-talked-of Klondike region, nor shall I weary you with dry figures as to output of gold, prospects for the future, and general moralizings as to the harmfulness of gold "rushes." No, I want to do none of these things. I simply want to display, for your benefit, dear reader, a set of photographs which I think merit the epithet "interesting," and they will enable us to look on as mere spectators and form a curiously exact idea of the hardships encountered and the queer sights witnessed in conjunction with a journey from the civilization of the Canadian and American cities up into the wilds of the almost unexplored territories of the great Dominion.

Our first photograph was taken in the beautifully situated town of Sitka, in Alaska. Here we see a number of Indian women traders who are displaying their wares for the benefit of gold-seekers on their way to the Klondike. But, you will ask, "Are they all asleep, or why are they hiding their faces in this way?" Well, this is entirely due to the curious terror which the camera inspires in the breasts of all primitive savages, who look upon this valuable instrument as a species of evil eye, which will certainly bewitch them if they look at it.

In our next photograph we see the steamer *Queen* taking on board ice in the

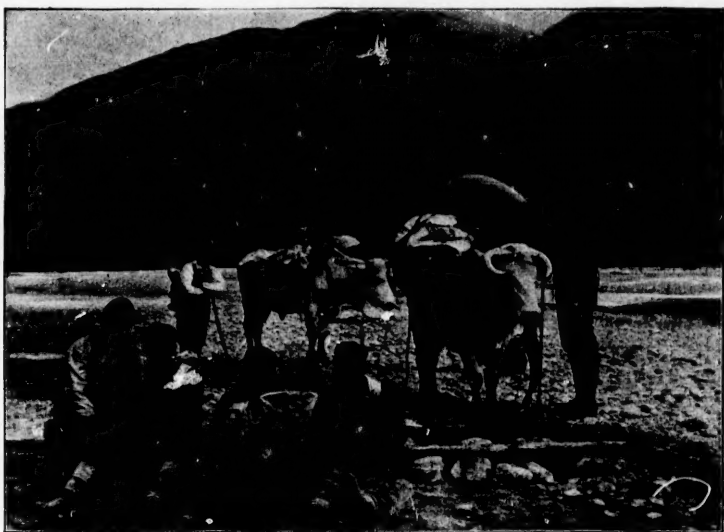
Vol. ii.—32.



THE STEAMER "QUEEN" TAKING IN ICE IN TAKOU INLET.  
From a Photo.

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From a

PACK OXEN AND INDIAN PACKERS ON THE DYEA TRAIL.

[Photo.

Glacier, which in places rises up from the water's edge fully 1,000ft. sheer. Ice, then, must be cheap in those regions, and one has no doubt that the *Queen* could fill her big ice net over and over again for a very small consideration indeed.

Let us now get on to the famous trails. There are two principal trails or pathways leading more or less directly to the Klondike region—the Dyea trail and the Skaguay trail. Now, the sufferings and hardships encountered by man and beast on these trails have already been illustrated in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*; but I think it will be news to most people that big oxen are pretty extensively used instead of horses. Probably one reason for the preference is that the cloven hoof will not sink into swamps where a horse or mule would be promptly bogged. Besides—though this is a somewhat grim consideration—the poor patient creatures that carry the packs have frequently to be killed and eaten,

are, of course, humble enough, though some among them have taken advantage of the Klondike boom and have become quite rich men, employing many packers and owning whole herds of cattle. As everyone knows, the ordinary rates for packing charged by the Chilcat Indians went up enormously in the first Klondike rush, the red men knowing perfectly well that in some measure at least they had the gold-seekers at their mercy.

Our next photograph shows a party towing provisions up the Dyea River; and everyone will readily see that these seekers after sudden



From a

TOWING PROVISIONS UP THE DYEA RIVER.

[Photo.

and naturally the prospectors prefer good honest beef to horse-flesh. Then, no doubt, these oxen are more tractable than mules and ponies, and can carry heavier loads for longer distances. In the foreground of our photograph we see a number of those Indians who make "a good thing" by carrying the packs over the trail for a consideration computed at so much per pound weight. Most of these Indians

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT.

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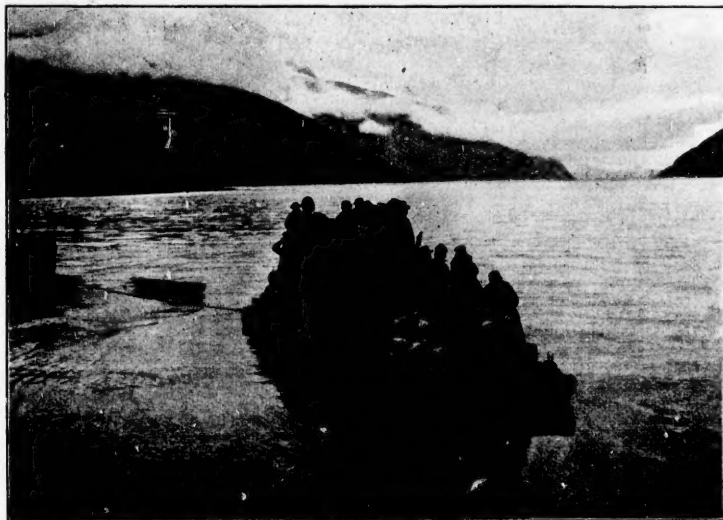
wealth have their work cut out for them. For miles these resolute men will wade along in the stream, pulling and shoving frantically, and even trying to dig away the bed of the river when the more or less crazy craft comes to a standstill. Or it may be that in places the whole transport has to be portaged—i.e., everything, boat and all, lifted out of the water, carried some distance overland, and finally deposited on the water again where navigation is more feasible.

Observe, I mention "seekers after sudden wealth." Well, the phrase may stand either way, because if these men are not actually bound for the Eldorado itself, they are probably speculators or contractors who stand to win whether gold is found or not. The newspapers have been full of sensational reports as to what bags of flour and bottles of whisky fetch in these regions, and no doubt many fortunes have been made by enterprising caterers and storekeepers in the form of gold won from the frozen soil by others.

Yet another picture of activity

practically worth their weight in gold in these desolate parts, where, only a few months ago, the bear and the beaver were the only living inhabitants. Now, however, scenes such as the one depicted in our next photograph are common enough at Dyea. Here we see an old "scow," heavily laden with Klondikers, and their stores and provisions. In the ordinary way, we imagine, no sane men would trust their lives and all their worldly possessions in such a rickety craft; but then one cannot pick and choose in a gold rush. Each man on that scow has probably seen vessels return from St. Michael's,

in the Dyea River. Here we see four men harnessed to a cart loaded with provisions and stores. For hours these sturdy fellows will plod on in this manner, bearing all kinds of hardships with perfect good humour, and always hoping that wealth awaits them sooner or later. All kinds of conveyances are



From a

AN OLD "SCOW" HEAVILY LADEN WITH KLONDIKERS AND THEIR PACKS.

[Photo.

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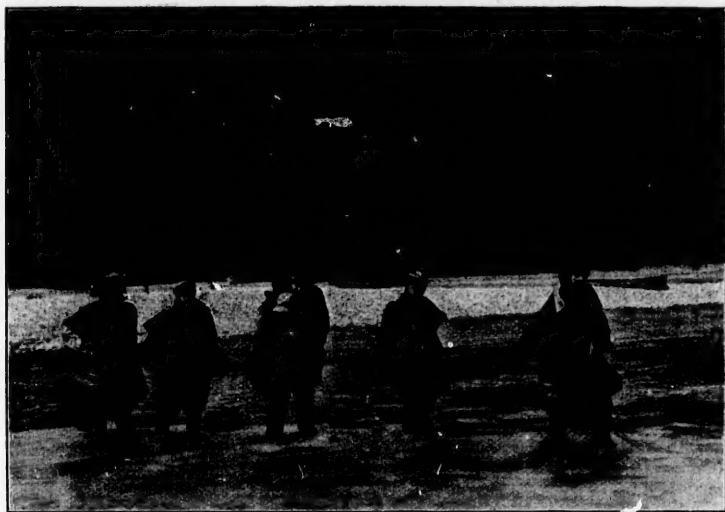


at the mouth of the Yukon, with tons of gold dust, and he is willing to make any sacrifice to get to that veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, where he is perfectly certain gold is to be had for the mere picking up. Has he not conversed with the lucky diggers? And has not the sight of the sacks of precious dust impressed him infinitely more than the melancholy yarns of suffering and heartbreak told by the failures?

Our next photograph is one that cannot fail to excite a good deal of interest. Dawson City, the metropolis of the Klondike region, is not without its amusements (did you ever hear of a gold city that was?); and we here present to you a photograph showing a party of brave and enterprising actresses fording the Dyea River on their way to the Klondike. You will observe

sure, will be a wildly enthusiastic one, for when all is said and done miners are a good-hearted set of men, easily pleased and generous to a fault, though there may be black sheep among them.

The photograph we reproduce at the top of the following page is a very extraordinary one, and does much credit to the enterprising photographer. The foreground depicts for us that part of the Chilcoot Pass where one takes the now famous "stairway." This stairway is nothing more or less than a kind of aerial tramway, on which work a number of little trolleys suspended on pulleys from stout cables, these latter acting as rails. A very animated picture presents itself in the foreground, where there is a whole town of miners



From a

ACTRESSES ON THEIR WAY TO DAWSON CITY.

[Photo.

that each lady—except the one being carried—wears high jack boots, and is sauntering through the flood as carelessly as though she were treading the boards at the London Adelphi. You will also observe that each of these enterprising Thespians carries a small handbag, and all look pretty resolute and bent on "getting there." One would like to know whether they carry their "parts" in that bag; what dramas are in their répertoire; and whether they have other engagements after leaving Dawson City. Their weekly salaries will probably be weighed out to them in gold dust, and that they will not lack scenery may be judged from the superb background of this photograph. Their audience, you may be

and their belongings waiting to go over the "saddle." Truly the scene is one of much activity. There is snow everywhere, but yet these eager men do not seem to mind it. Not only are there a great number of tents pitched, but there are several more substantial wooden structures erected; and one can also discern piles of stores, baggage, and provisions, as well as sledges, dogs, ponies, etc. It would perhaps be difficult to present to the stay-at-home reader a more vivid idea of the rush to Klondike than the one presented in this remarkable photograph, which enables one to realize at a glance all the hardships and all the desolateness of that terrible journey.

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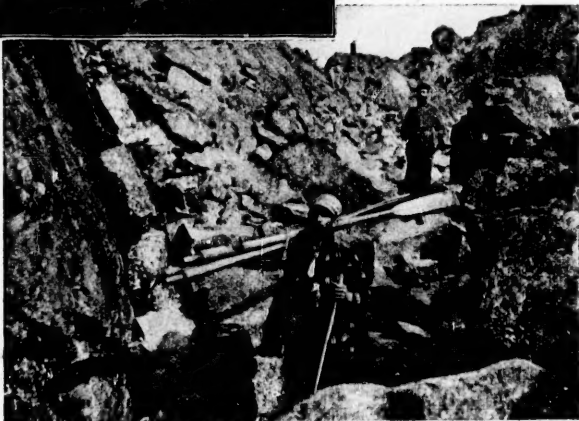
MINERS GOING OVER THE "STAIRWAY,"  
[From a] CHILCOOT PASS. [Photo.

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Our next photograph shows the very summit of the Chilcoot Pass—a wild and awe-inspiring wilderness of rocks—with a typical Klondiker in the foreground. That he will presently need the oars he is carrying will be evident from the next photograph, which shows us a "shipyard" on the shores of Lake Bennet. As all the world knows by this time, the Klondiker, after having bought his outfit and had it packed over the dreaded Chilcoot or White Pass, is obliged, on reaching the shores of the first of the chain of lakes, to

build or hire a boat of some kind to take him on the next stage of his journey. From this, it is evident that the miner must include in his outfit axes, tar, nails, and other heavy and cumbersome requisites. But, you will say, "It is not every man who knows how to build a boat!" Exactly so; and were it possible to obtain a list of the unfortunate men who have put out into these lakes in some craft of their own construction never to be heard of again, the result would be astounding in the very highest degree. There are so many pitfalls for the unfortunate Klondiker. He may reach the shores of Lake Bennet safely enough; he may even build a boat, and then launch forth to his own certain destruction. The scene depicted in our photograph is one of great animation. Timber has now to be brought some little distance, although, of course, the early comers in the rush had their trees practically



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS,  
[From a Photo.



From a

THE "SHIPYARD" ON LAKE BENNET.

{Photo.

at the water's edge. The thousands who came, however, quickly demolished the supply close at hand, so it became increasingly difficult for the unhappy prospector to get beyond this stage of his journey to the Klondike. I have been assured by returned miners that the scene at this spot literally baffled description at times. Perhaps one man would, with great labour, build a boat, which would promptly be stolen from him by one of his more unscrupulous fellow-travellers, who was without either ability or means. Boats of every conceivable size and shape and make lie about in all stages of completion, and the picturesque shores of the lake resound with the ring of the axe and the noise of many hammers.

Some men, again, build boats not for themselves, but merely to loan out to the gold-seekers, and these enterprising speculators, of course, stand to gain in any event.

When some of the lakes of the chain are frozen over, however, a far more expeditious mode of transport is found. This is demonstrated in our next photograph, which shows a number of sturdy fellows ice sailing across Lake Lebarge. Here we see three boats of rude construction (made, of course, by the miners themselves) mounted upon ordinary dog-sleds and provided with makeshift sails. The dogs, you will

observe, are still harnessed, but providing there is a good breeze these long-suffering animals are quite a secondary consideration as regards motive power. This photograph also provides a most excellent illustration of the fertility of resource which invariably characterizes these intrepid adventurers.

In our next photograph you will observe that we arm-chair critics have actually reached the Klondike, and we are calmly regarding a number of miners working a claim on Eldorado Creek.



From a

ICE-SAILING ON LAKE LEBARGE.

{Photo.

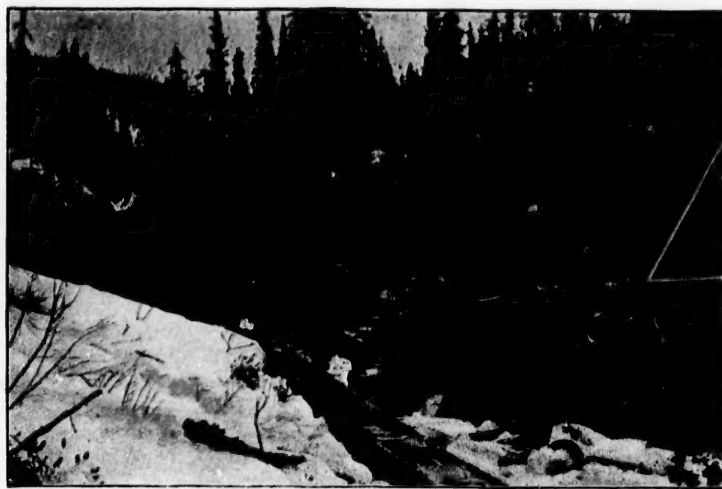
We see we also trough, even sim represent ing some ing-tin, a the prec The metropol Klondike have called Dawson I repro the top next pag animated scene remote, famed, It is evid off-day miners, may be i to noti many o are qu dressed. more, struck regularit street a relatively tial natu

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From a

MINERS WORKING A CLAIM ON ELDERADO CREEK.

[Photo.]

We see how a man uses his washing-pan, and we also notice the construction of the wooden trough, or flume, which the miners use. An even simpler form of washing for gold is next represented, and this consists in merely throwing some of the gold-bearing sand into a washing-tin, and whirling it round and round until the precious dust settles at the bottom.

The centre of activity in this region—the metropolis of the Klondike, as I have already called it—is Dawson City, and I reproduce, at the top of the next page, a most animated street scene in that remote, but far-famed, “city.” It is evidently an off-day with the miners, and you may be interested to notice that many of them are quite well dressed. Furthermore, one is struck with the regularity of the street and the relatively substantial nature of the

buildings. The establishment of Dawson City forms one of the most romantic chapters in the history of gold mining. Just think of it. Only a few months ago the red Indian stalked alone in these wildernesses. Suddenly, however, and apparently by magic, thousands of white men struggled their weary way across the mountains, and spread themselves out over the ramifications

of the Great Yukon and Klondike rivers. But the death-roll of the Klondike rush will never be accurately known. The Canadian Government sent their police to Dawson in the interests of law and order, and in a few weeks there were banks, hotels, stores, theatres, and all the other features of a regular township. Some idea of the population may be gathered from the photograph we reproduce.



From a

AN EVEN SIMPLER FORM OF WASHING FOR GOLD.

[Photo.]





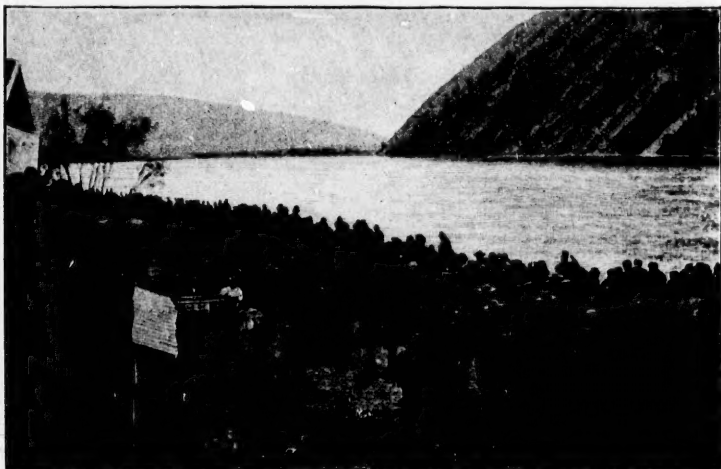
From a] A STREET SCENE IN DAWSON CITY--THE "METROPOLIS OF THE KLONDIKE." [Photo.

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that there are no ladies in Dawson City. The ladies we were considering a few minutes ago were on their way to the Klondike. Well, in our next photograph we see a pretty considerable crowd of Klondikers waiting for the mail boat to bring them news of the outer world. And, be it observed, there are ladies here, and children and dogs. Furthermore, everybody seems pretty well dressed, but at the same time it must be a great hardship to be altogether cut off from civilization for so many months in the year. Travelers who have been out of the reach of civilization for a long time will expatiate in glowing terms upon the intense eagerness that consumed them to get some information of the great outer world. This photograph, then, illustrates for us in a very interesting manner the anxiety with which the Klondikers at Dawson City wait for news

of the civilized world that lies beyond their mighty rivers and frozen wastes.

No one at this time of day requires to be told about the hardships of life in Dawson City—the intense cold of winter, the torturing mosquitoes of summer, and the heart-breaking disappointments incidental to gold mining. Added to these are the scarcity and dearth of all necessities. All

these things are well known and have been fully described already. The photograph we next reproduce, however, shows us a truly disastrous flood in the gold mining metropolis. Incidentally, too, it gives us quite an interesting little glimpse of the town itself. Observe that unimposing building, "The Mine Exchange." Notice also the weird building belonging to "Mr. Nelson A. Soggs, jeweller and optician." One wonders what a jeweller is doing here at all, to say nothing about an



MINERS AT DAWSON CITY WAITING FOR THE MAIL BOAT TO BRING NEWS OF THE OUTER WORLD.

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A FLOODED STREET IN DAWSON CITY.

[Photo.

optician—unless, of course, the amount of gold in a claim was so small that its owner could not see it, and so wanted spectacles. You will observe that Messrs. A. J. Bannerman & Co. are "mine brokers," and that they advertise, "Wanted: Quartz and Placer Claims." All this, as I said, gives us a curiously vivid glimpse of life in this place, but what I wish more particularly to point out is that the street, such as it is, has to be navigated in boats. It must be a melancholy reflection for Mr. Nelson A. Soggs

to think that a prospective customer might drown just outside his unique establishment.

But when all is said and done life in Dawson City is not without its redeeming features. And that there are pastimes apart from the gaming saloon will be seen from the last photograph we reproduce, which shows us a mother and her little one sleighing near Dawson City. The little sleigh is

drawn by a team of powerful dogs, and it is satisfactory to notice that the mother is clad in warm sealskin, whilst she and her baby are wrapped in many thick and warm skin rugs. A spin over the vast frozen surface of the Yukon River under these conditions must be highly exhilarating and conducive to health. Only Klondikers have not yet made up their mind whether the summer is worse than the winter, or whether the mosquitoes of the former are a greater drawback than the inconceivable cold of the latter.



From a

MOTHER AND BABY GOING FOR A DRIVE IN DAWSON CITY.

[Photo.